Wichita Eagle

A Chilly Affair.

"Mr. Simpkins-Harold," she said, with faltering coyness, while he gave a sudden start of terror as the thought that this is the year 1892 flashed upon him, "I am the bearer of a message from my father. He says that you must come here no longer without stating your intentions. And, Harold, you know this is leap year, and—and, oh, need I say more?"

"Miss Boggs," replied the young man, recovering his self possession and his hat, "am I to understand that your father charged you to deliver to me an ultimatum?"

"Why, yes, Harold, if you will use those newspaper terms at such a moment."

"Say to him, then," said the young man, "that his representative is persona non grata to me, and that I firmly but respectfully decline to continue diplomatic relations."

In a moment he was gone. But the young girl did not falter. "Persona non grata, am I?" she mused. "That might have done a week or two ago, but it has been shown that when really serious complications have arisen that plea doesn't go. And I just reckon, Harold Simpkins," she continued aloud, as a rosy flush mantled her plump cheek, "that I've got a little batch of diplomatic correspondence which, when read before any court of breach of promise arbitration in the country, will bring me in a good big indemnity too."—Chicago Times.

A Japanese Society.

There are so many English people who have visited Japan or who have fallen in love with it from reading the eulogies penned by Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Norman and others, that the society which is in course of formation for "the encouragement of the study of Japanese art, science and industries, of the commerce and finance, the social life, the literature, the language, history and folklore of the Japanese," ought to be a success. Certainly the programme does not lack comprehensiveness, for almost any one of the subjects enumerated would be sufficient to keep an ordinary society going.

The organizing council contains several names closely associated with the country, such as Mr. Ernest Satow, Professor W. Anderson and Professor Church, as well as those of leading Japanese residents in England. Very suitably, the headquarters of the society are to be at the Japanese consulates in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, for no people are more anxious to spread a knowledge of Japan abroad than the Japanese government.—London Chronicle.

A Bad Place to Be Ill.

It is one thing to have the grip in town or anywhere on the mainland within reach of a doctor, and another think to be stricken with the disease on a remote isle of the sea. On a Thursday morning recently the inhabitants of Grand Manan, a large, well populated island off the Maine coast, observed a single fire—the sick signal—burning on Three Isles, six miles seaward, but as a gale was blowing and the sea running high nobody could land there. On Sunday evening a physician, accompanied by three sturdy oarsmen in a dory, reached the isles in a blinding snowstorm. Fifteen of the sixteen inhabitants were sick abed, leaving one man barely able to crawl to the headland and keep the signal burning. It was three days before weather moderated sufficiently to allow the relief party to return home, and in that time the sick were relieved.—New York Sun.

Lightning Spared the Pious Pair.

During a heavy rain lightning struck the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church, a nice four room cottage, completely demolishing the building with the exception of the east room, in which were sitting the pastor, the Rev. Jerome Haralson, and his wife. That they were not instantly killed everybody pronounces a miracle, for everything in their room all around them was broken in small pieces. A more complete wreck was never seen. There is not a whole nail or piece of timber in the building except in the little room they occupied. Not only the building was wrecked, but the fence around it was torn down. The shock broke a considerable amount of crockery for those living in the neighborhood of the parsonage.—Haskell Cor. Galveston News.

The Dog Didn't Like His Snore.

In hunting for evidence of a dog fight Sunday the officers learned that one Herbert Sprague, a stevedore, had been bitten by a canine. Investigation shows that Sprague went to bed Saturday night with a bull pup. Sprague snored, and this disturbed the dog, so he scratched his owner's face to wake him. Sprague retaliated by cuffing the canine, whereupon the bull fastened his teeth in the man's nose and then shook him, sadly lacerating the member. Sprague finally broke the hold, disabled the dog with a chair and then got a neighbor to shoot him. The nose will recover, but looks bad.—Bangor Cor Lewiston Journal.

The Congressional Funeral.

On the recent congressional trip to Chicago from Washington, a young man accustomed to hilarity began to weary of the staid decorum of the excursionists and to long for something wild and woolly.

"Great Scott," he finally exclaimed to a veteran member, "this is like a funeral train."

"Is it?" said the congressman, with a significant smile; "well, I guess you don't know much about one of our funeral trains."—Detroit Free Press.

How Banks Treat "Sweated" Coins.

In a recent deposit in the United States subtreasury in this city by a New York bank of more than $100,000 in gold received from California seven "sweated" coins were found. They were placed on a block and the letter L punched on their face to show that they were light weight and then returned to the bank.—New York Herald.

Prices of Paper.

Paper can be bought at almost any price, from ¼ cent to $1 a pound. The ordinary prices range from 1 to 20 cents a pound.

The prices are subject to variation, but range about as follows: Wrapping paper, 1 to 2 cents per pound; newspaper, 2½ to 4½; manilla, 3 to 6; book, 4 to 8; writing, 9 to 20; fancy brands, 25 to $1.—New York Evening Sun.

RODE WITH CUSTER.

MICHIGAN CAVALRY BRIGADE UNDER THE GOLDEN HAIRED GENERAL.

Thrilling Charges in Which Somebody Was Hurt and the Enemy Usually Got the Worst of It—Shots That Found Shining Marks.

THE awful tragedy that swiftly removed Gen. Custer from the eyes of men doubtless threw a glamor over his career in the civil war and gave to his former comrades in arms extra reason to be proud of the fact that they could say, "We rode with this hero in battle." Custer's old command, the Michigan cavalry brigade, made a fame all its own and might have done so under another leader than Custer, but he it was who first took it into action, and he continued at its head until good fighting became second nature to the Wolverines, and the laurels won under him couldn't get away from them. For soldiers with a reputation for fighting never lack opportunities to keep it up.

Next to Phil Kearny among the minor lights of the eastern army Custer was the best talked up man among the troops at large. In fact he seemed to succeed Kearny as the idol of the rank and file. Each possessed a striking personality, yet Custer had it in him to be remembered best and longest, not because he appeared last, but rather because once seen he couldn't be forgotten. Kearny's empty sleeve was unique in his day, but empty sleeves soon grew common. Custer carried a figure, a mien stamped with royal marks of individuality. With his tall, lithe form, his golden hair waving behind a face that, though young, was eager if not intense with the passion for activity, we who caught but passing glimpses could as soon lose our impressions of Lincoln or McClellan or Grant.

Custer's association with Michigan troopers had a romantic beginning. He was sent to the West Point academy from Ohio, but when the war broke out his people lived in Michigan. While serving as aid to Gen. McClellan on the Peninsula he led Company A, of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, in a gallant attack on a Confederate post across the Chickahominy. He staid in Little Mac's family until the general was relieved in November, 1862. After McClellan's departure Custer dropped back to a lieutenancy in the Fifth Regular cavalry, and was called out again by Gen. Pleasanton when that officer became chief of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, May, 1863. He served on Pleasanton's staff until June 29, 1863, when he was given a star and installed over the Michigan cavalry brigade. The army was then closing on Gettysburg. The brigade comprised the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh regiments.

Custer's famous charge upon Stuart's column on July 3 is familiar history. The Wolverines and their new leader were well brought together and Custer divided with Hancock the honors of Gettysburg. The Sixth regiment was not in the great charge, but two affairs of its own during that record making epoch let it in for a share of the glory won by Custer and the army. At Hunterstown, Pa., July 2, Capt. H. A. Thompson, of the Sixth, led Company A in a charge on one of Stuart's brigades, losing 27 killed and wounded, but winning a position for a battery that finished the business by driving Stuart from the field. Custer rode with Thompson and his horse was shot under him. His life was saved by the quick shooting of a Michigan boy.

At Falling Waters, Md., July 14, while Lee's army was crossing the Potomac in retreat, Custer's Michigan men ran into Heth's division of Hill's corps, acting as rear guard and covering a pontoon bridge over which Lee's trains were passing. Four companies of the Sixth were advance guard of Kilpatrick's cavalry division, and early in the morning they rode up to the Confederate line with a stealthy tread.

Gen. Pettigrew's brigade was on outpost and lay in bivouac behind a series of detached earthquakes thrown up for defense. The Confederates, worn out with their fatiguing march, were asleep. Gen. Heth was startled by seeing about forty-five or fifty cavalrymen maneuvering outside the pickets. He took them for friends until they formed for a charge, then aroused his men to give due welcome to the intruders. Two companies of the Sixth deployed as skirmishers and Companies B and F, led by Capt. Peter A. Weber, made a dash with drawn sabers, passed through the intervals between the Confederate works and pushed on to the second line. Many of the Confederates grounded arms in the first surprise, but seeing that the assailants were a handful at most, they thought better of it, seized their muskets and opened fire. Capt. Weber was killed; also Lieut. C. E. Bolza

HIS HORSE SHOT UNDER HIM.

and about twenty-five of their men. A unique thing about the charge was that somebody got hurt. First, a Michigan boy scored a bullseye with his revolver that brought down Gen. Pettigrew, one of Lee's brightest brigadiers. Second, there were fewer rode back from the charge than rode in. Just how the figures should be it is impossible to tell, but Gen. Heth says that his men killed all but three of the bluecoats who entered his works. No more than two companies rode in, and perhaps not all of them. Cavalry charges into the jaws of death often look grander in poetry than in official history. Tennyson says sadly of the Light Brigade:

> Then they rode back;
> But not—not the Six Hundred.

Two-thirds of the Light Brigade got out unscathed and about one-sixth only were killed. Capt. Webster's squadron lost as high as 1 in 3 if not 1 in 2 killed, and not over a third escaped injury.

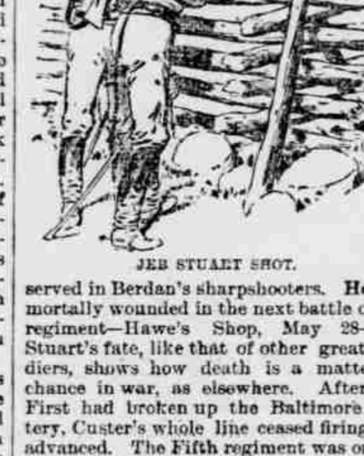
In his next fight Custer engaged his whole brigade, and although the losses were slight, the affair was brilliant for both leader and men. It was on the retreat of a portion of Meade's army from Culpepper, Va., to the Rappahannock, in October, 1863. Custer's brigade was advance guard to Kilpatrick's cavalry division, and on reaching Brandy Station, a few miles from the crossing of the Rappahannock, the discovery was made that a large body of Confederate cavalry was between the Union forces and the river.

In fact, Meade's men were surrounded. Custer proposed to Kilpatrick that the Michigan brigade should cut the way through to the river, and getting orders to go ahead, he formed his men, told them the situation, and they accepted it with three rousing cheers, swinging their bare sabers in the air in place of their caps for emphasis. The band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and the line went forward, over and through all opposition. Before the river was reached the Confederates made several attempts to hold on to something. But it was of no use. Kilpatrick, led by Custer, galloped on to the crossing and the command was saved.

The first great cavalry battle of the campaign of 1864 was at Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, May 11. Stuart and Sheridan there came to swords' points in a square, stand up meeting, and Stuart was whipped. He also lost his life at the hands of one of Custer's sharpshooting Wolverines. Sheridan was making toward Richmond with his 10,000 sabers, and Stuart blocked his roadway with dismounted cavalry and a couple of horse batteries. The Fifth and Sixth Michigan charged on foot and drove Stuart's men, but there was a stubborn battery in the way of complete success—Johnston's Baltimore light artillery. Custer ordered the First Michigan to take it by a saber charge.

There were three fences between the column and the battery, also a deep stream having but one bridge across, but the regiment rode out in squadrons, filed over the bridge and through gaps in the fences and formed for the charge within 200 yards of the guns. The first squadron then dashed upon the battery with a yell and took two pieces, Maj. Howrigan reaching the guns first. He was shot in the arm. The Confederates retired, followed by the First. The enemy took up a new position, stronger than the one abandoned, and the Seventh Michigan joined the First, making a gallant charge to the muzzles of the cannon.

The brigade lost 88 killed and wounded, 45 of them in the First regiment. "Jeb" Stuart was shot shortly after the First took the cannon. He rode to the threatened point, and Private John A. Huff, of Company E, Fifth Michigan, took careful aim and brought him down with his carbine. Huff was a prize marksman, who had



JEB STUART SHOT.

served in Berdan's sharpshooters. He was mortally wounded in the next battle of his regiment—Hawe's Shop, May 28—and Stuart's fate, like that of other great soldiers, shows how death is a matter of chance in war, as elsewhere. After the First had broken up the Baltimore battery, Custer's whole line ceased firing and advanced. The Fifth regiment was on the flank of the First, and a mounted Confederate officer was seen riding past its line, about eighty rods away. A trooper shot at him and missed, and Huff, who was watching the luckless attempt, said to his leader, Col. Alger, "I can fetch that man." "Try him," said the colonel. One shot did it, and then Huff coolly said to Alger, "There's a spread eagle for you."

After the fight at Yellow Tavern, Sheridan's corps rode on to James river and then returned to join the main army at Cold Harbor. A severe battle was fought May 28 at Hawe's Shop on the return march. The Fifth and Sixth suffered heavily in a charge against breastworks, the Fifth losing 5 officers and 50 men killed and wounded out of 151 engaged. The Sixth lost 16 killed and 17 wounded out of 140. Custer fought against Butler's South Carolina brigade, and the contest between these two was extremely hot. The dead Carolinians literally covered the ground in front of the Fifth and Sixth.

Another fight in the region northeast of Richmond, between Sheridan's and Stuart's old divisions, took place June 11 at Trevillian Station. It was a helter skelter affair—guns, trains, officers and soldiers being captured and recaptured on both sides.

The brigade was transferred to the Shenandoah valley a few weeks later, and Custer led it personally in the last battle at Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864. On that field the entire cavalry column was marshaled in one line. The field was unobstructed. Bands played, banners waved, troops fuzzahed, and for once there was promise of a lordly combat between mounted squadrons. But the enemy was not in mind for it, and the boys in blue and yellow wasted good enthusiasm chafing their saddle seats until the fight between infantry was well under way on a distant part of the field.

Then the charge sounded on Custer's front; the Wolverines went forward, all abreast for once, right into the enemy's ranks, sabering all who resisted and capturing man for man and more. The brigade charged 500 strong and lost about 100 killed and wounded. It captured 700 prisoners and three battleflags. Two flags were taken by the Fifth and one by the Sixth. After that battle Custer was promoted to a division, but his Wolverines staid by him to win at Cedar Creek and Five Forks, and on the plains fighting hostiles after Stuart, Hampton and Lee rode their raids no more.

The First, Fifth and Sixth Michigan hold, respectively, second, third and fourth place in a list of nine cavalry regiments which lost over 100 killed in battle. The First Maine heads the list with 174. The First Michigan second, 164; the Fifth, 141; the Sixth, 135. The killed and wounded of the First reached 584; of the Fifth, 502, and of the Sixth, 496. The First regiment lost its killed in thirty-six different engagements, the Fifth in thirty-five and the Sixth in thirty-two. So it cost heart's blood to follow the standard of the golden haired hero and be as brave as he was daring.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Keep the Mind Open.

Auguste Comte once suggested the desirability of a class of men whose work it should be to acquire a knowledge of the general results attained by specialists in all branches of science, and, by combining and comparing them, to acquire a more correct mode of thought about things in general than is apt to be acquired by a man whose thoughts work always in the same channel.

Some men of genius, without enrolling themselves in any class, fulfill, in a measure, their requirements. One of Goethe's most marked characteristics was his eagerness to avail himself of the knowledge of any and every one who had made special study of some particular branch of learning. It was not in the least necessary that his informant should be well known or famous. "Original talent, that is water to my mill," said he.

A young musician who visited him remarks, "Zelter's music is old fashioned."

"How old fashioned? Explain yourself and be precise. Good! There is the piano. What you have stated must stand the test of an experiment."

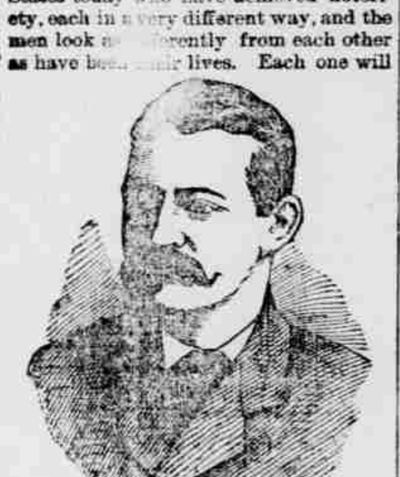
In openness of mind and eagerness for knowledge at least we may imitate the man of genius.—Detroit Free Press.

MUCH TALKED ABOUT

THREE MEN WHO ARE ATTRACTING GENERAL ATTENTION.

One Has Made His Pile at Mining, Another Has Won a Wealthy Widow and the Third Was Involved in a Queer Lawsuit.

There are three men in the United States today who have achieved notoriety, each in a very different way, and the men look as differently from each other as have been their lives. Each one will

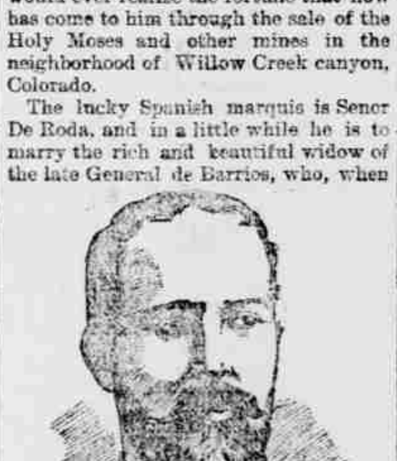


N. C. CREEDE.

find a circle which will admire and envy him more than the other two. One is a clergyman who has just been decided by the supreme court of the United States not to be a "laborer" in the meaning of the law; another is a Spanish marquis and member of the chamber of deputies who is about to wed a rich and beautiful widow, and the third is a Colorado mining prospector who has just struck it rich and become a millionaire. The latter of these three, and at the same time probably the most picturesque, is Mr. N. C. Creede, after whom the new mining camp in Colorado was called.

Mr. Creede has just passed his fiftieth birthday and is a wiry built man of medium height and light in coloring. He is an affable man and has been roughing it in the mountains of Colorado for twenty-two years, always in the hope of making a big strike, but probably never in his wildest dreams fancying that he would ever realize the fortune that now has come to him through the sale of the Holy Moses and other mines in the neighborhood of Willow Creek canyon, Colorado.

The lucky Spanish marquis is Senor De Roda, and in a little while he is to marry the rich and beautiful widow of the late General de Barrios, who, when



MARQUIS JOSE MARTINEZ DE RODA.

president of Guatemala, was killed in battle by the soldiers of Salvador, which country the ambitious de Barrios was trying to annex. Mme. de Barrios, after the death of her husband, came to America, and has since lived in great style in New York. The Guatemalan president missed no chance during his [illegible] for that is really what it was, to make money, and as he had not an abiding faith in the stability of his government he invested his spoils in New York and England. His widow, who became his wife when she was fifteen, and who was virtually abducted by him forcibly from her home, is still a young woman, though she is the mother of eight children. Her wealth and beauty have gained for her social distinction wherever she has been. She met Senor De Roda last year at a ball given by the Austrian minister in Madrid. After an ardent courtship of several months she consented to be his wife, and now he is in New York to make her his bride. The prospective bridegroom is but thirty-six years old, dark, tall and good looking.

The third noted man is the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, of New York, who, in 1887, at the invitation of the vestrymen of Holy Trinity church, came to New

REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN.

York from England to accept the rectorship. Under the law which makes it illegal for laborers and other workmen to come to America under contract, Mr. Warren was hauled up before the United States court. The two lower courts held that clergymen were not exempt. The case was appealed, and the supreme court has reversed the decisions of the lower courts.

The Russian Blouse.

There are two or three different kinds of Russian blouses. The true Russian dress has a long belted blouse extending fourteen to eighteen inches below the waist line, made with a shallow yoke and close sleeves that have deep full caps at the top. This has been made during the winter of cloth with a round yoke and close sleeves of velvet, or else of cloth covered with braiding. Spring woolens made in the same way will be trimmed with bengaline or moire instead of velvet. The lining is fitted by darts. The outer material is gathered on full below the yoke, with or without side forms, and is again gathered at the waist line under the belt. It is usually fastened invisibly on the left side, but may be hooked down the front. The yoke is round, pointed, or square across, as the wearer chooses, but must not be deeper than half way down the armholes. The fur border used on winter gowns will now be replaced by mossy ruches of silk, or by feather trimming, or else by box plaited ruches of ribbon. Small figured brocades will also be stylish for the yoke, belt and border at the lower edge of such blouses.

Thin grenadines, crepons and light silks are made in Russian fashion, with a yoke of two or three horizontal puffs of the material separated by shirring or by narrow jet passementerie. A frill of the material is sometimes added to the end of the yoke.—Harper's Bazar.

Died in Place of a Younger Man.

A charge was made at a wall lined with French infantry. Sergeant McQuade saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a gap in a bank, waiting the appearance of an enemy.

Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, started to ascend at the fatal point. "You are too young, sir, to be killed," said McQuade, pulling him back and stepping into his place. He fell dead, pierced with both bullets.

California's Original Pioneer.

A few weeks since Mr. Jacob Primet Leese died in San Francisco at the age of eighty three, and the journals all pronounced him the pioneer of pioneers, in fact the founder of the city, because he built the first house there, in 1836. This publication, however, at once brought out an aged and very lively old citizen, who antedates Mr. Leese by seven years.

This is Don Alfredo Robinson, as he is called in California, his original name having been turned into Spanish. He was born in Boston in March, 1807, and his father was one of the heroes of Bunker Hill. In 1828 he was in the employ of Appleton & Co., who sent in July of that year a load of general supplies to the California coast on the bark Brookline. Mr. Robinson went as clerk

ALFREDO ROBINSON.

and remained on the coast. The principal agent of Appleton & Co. got homesick soon after reaching California and sailed for Boston, leaving the entire business to Mr. Robinson, who passed ten years in traveling through the country and attending to the business.

He married Dona Maria Antonia de Guerra, became a good Catholic and a prime favorite among the Californians; visited his native place in 1839-40 and again in 1849, returning through Mexico the last time. On this trip he took the first shipment of California gold, $1,000 worth of dust collected in small quantities by peons near the Mexican line. The certificate received for it at the Philadelphia mint is still preserved. Mr. Robinson is unusually vigorous for a man of eighty-five, has a fine memory and enjoys the good things of life. He has two sons living.

Electric Torch Lamps.

A clever adaptation of the electric light for the purposes of theatrical display is the "torch" lamp, and consists of a large incandescent bulb with four lenses fused onto it, all the surface around them being frosted. The effect of this combination of a true spheroidal form of globe with frosting and lenses is to project the light in the form of four condensed beams. An American firm has sent a large number of these lamps to Europe. The lamps were mounted on torches which contained small storage batteries. Little vanes at the base of the lamps revolved with the least motion of the air and gave a rotary motion to the lamps, the beams of which would then flash in every direction. This lamp is also used with excellent effect as a locomotive headlight.—New York Telegram.

Ships Wrecked in Fair Weather.

Very few persons know the number of ships that have never been heard from after leaving port. In Great Britain alone, in 1873-4, there were 80 vessels missing; in 1874-5, 137, and in 1875-6, 101; between 1864 and 1869, of 10,588 reported lost the fates of 846 are unknown, and even this list is less than more accurate information would show. A careful investigation of causes of wreckage shows many causes and unexpected results. Among other general principles that have been deduced is that over one-half the wrecks occur when the wind blows less than a fresh gale, or when a ship, if properly found, manned and navigated, could keep the sea with safety. From 1864 to 1874, 229 vessels were wrecked during calm weather; 36[illegible] in light airs; 1,010 in light breezes; 40[illegible] in gentle breezes, 1,689 in moderate breezes, 2,131 in fresh breezes, 2,329 in strong breezes, 919 in moderate gales, 1,020 in fresh gales, 4,320 in strong gales, 1,921 in whole gales, 373 in storms, 66 in hurricanes, 57 variable and 659 unknown.—Providence Journal.